

JIMMY! AND DEAR KATY! AND SWEET WILLIE JONES!

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NEVER RUSHED.



"I have named the baby Arabella Cornelia Goodwin Mather."
"Rather long name."
"Yes, but I have plenty of time."

The Power of Humor.

"The true test of civilization is humor," said Mr. Edward Terry. "Only the most civilized nations have comic papers, and a savage never laughs from merriment. The man who laughs easily is a man of refined instincts and sensitive temperament. Laughing is a great force for the good of mankind. You can laugh down a wrong ten times as quickly as you can

overcome it by denunciation, and there is no stronger weapon for any orator than ridicule."

A Domestic Tragedy.

They quarrel and he goes outkissed. To work with double force. She sees his partner playing whist. She wins his partner playing whist. And twice she trumped his ace. —Washington Star.

When Time is Money.

One of the old soldiers, an Irishman by birth, went to General Grenville M. Dodge last December and asked him to discount a note he had, which he said had thirty days to run. The general agreed to do so on condition the old trooper, but when he looked the paper over he found that it had forty days to run.
"How a time, Jim?" he asked. "You've made a mistake."
"Now, General, you've forgotten yourself, that's the mistake. I'm sure you look how about the days now. It was summer the whole forty wouldn't make more than thirty."

The Miner Poet.

"What is a minor poet, anyway?" asked Higgins, looking up from the page of book he was reading.
"A minor poet," repeated Higgins. "A minor poet must be one that gets down and dirt under his feet whenever he has struck a good vein." —Chicago Tribune.

And Nowhere Else.

At night when I finish my work
And onto a crowded car hop,
I know beyond doubt it is true,
There always is room at the top. —Milwaukee Journal.

A Humane Prevarication.

These weather bureau people
Call on our souls with ease,
With their cold, frosty, warm waves,
Even if it would please.

"A smart man," said "Dude" then, "is a good deal like a rigger. He can be mighty useful in a tight way, but he can kick up a new red squint if he gets wrong." —Washington Star.

Why Not Pinch the House?

The Boardwalk Town Board has granted a license to A. E. Finch for a pool table in his place, and some of our people are not pleased. —Roosevelt correspondence in Ripston (Wash) Press.

Just an Old Thing.



"Detective, you broke that valuable vase."
"Valuable! Sure an' yes said y'd had it in the family over a century."

The Millcrack Philosopher.

The sweetest thing in life is Young Love's love when it's high. In wine there may be truth, but as a rule, there is more of ballding. That which we admire in ourselves is fully when our neighbor essays it. It's a long lane that has no auto accident. No man objects to being weighed in the balance if he is allowed to supply the weights. We know what we are, as Shakespeare has it, but it is a good thing we are not obliged to tell the public.—Christianity Communal Tribune.

Willing to Trade.

Rapport: "Energy has the heat that wears a crown."
"Energy." "What if it doesn't? Energy has the heat that doesn't wear a crown, sometimes, and there must be some consolation in having a headache from such an aristocratic cause." —Detroit Free Press.

Relaxation.

Sittin' round an' arguin' when the day is done—
Don't see how a man kin look for any better fun.
Tellin' 'bout the government an' what it ought to do,
An' 'speakin' from the almanac when winter will be through.
Don't see who fakes pine for golf an' other 'hobby' games.
When you kin sit before the stove, a watchin' of the flames,
An' never cartin' 'bout what coal costs city folks a ton—
Sittin' round an' arguin' when the day is done.
Every opportunity to have a friendly chat.
All the neighbors droppin' in an' boyin' this an' that.
Sometimes get excited, an' then is when you see
Some real oratory an' likewise some rap-
pate.
Financiers an' statesmen are a tryin' to be wise.
Us folks are the audience. We applaud an' we criticize.
We're safe, while others fret their souls 'er battles lost or won.
Sittin' round an' arguin' when the day is done. —Washington Star.

Errors in Compliments.

"It is always a fatal mistake to pay a compliment to a woman at the expense of her good looks," said Israel Zangwill. "At a dinner party I attended in London last autumn a young English swell was caught in the trap of conscientious compliment. It so happened that he was seated at the table between a distinguished author and a famous beauty. In an effort to be agreeable to both ladies he said: 'Am I not fortunate in being thus placed between beauty and talent?' 'Not so very fortunate,' replied the author with a black look, 'since you possess neither one nor the other.'" —

HOW THEY LOOK.



"Ye folks has got twins to our house."
"Oh, goodness! What do they look like?"
"Like when you don't sit still when your picture's took."